

What the Business Girl Wears to Her Work; What Should She Wear?

"Business Girl's Flashy Attire Really Bait to Catch a Husband," J. L. Declares, but a Stenographer Asserts "Girl Who Believes Men's Stares Denote Admiration Is a Poor Mind Reader."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

The business girl who overdoes does not offend though ignorance of the laws of good taste, but deliberately chooses suggestive flattery as one of the most potent weapons for her husband-hunt.

This is the serious and startling charge brought against the downtown girl in a letter which I have received from a woman and which is published below, over the initials "J. L."

If a man had made this accusation we might attribute it at once to the vanity of the sex. The modest male always is settled in the belief that the designing female doth all things that she may be acceptable in his sight. But it is not safe to make such a facile disposition of a woman's assertion that other women are using the business world, into which they have forced their way, as the same old happy hunting ground of sex.

Undoubtedly there are some business women who are marking time, who regard their work as the necessary evil which must be endured for the sake of the society of male workers, one of whom may be caught in the matrimonial net. But I have never met a competent woman worker who was likewise a competent fisher of men.

One man, at one time, who might land by means of her cleverness and the manipulation of her great love, but she did not hold down her job with one hand, while with the other she beckoned to a throng of golden lads. The trick cannot be done. The thoroughly competent business woman is not the thoroughly competent siren, for the same reason that the thoroughly competent lawyer is not the thoroughly competent doctor. Life is too short to perfect one's self in two trades.

That's why I think what "J. L." writes is true only of exceptions in the business world, is not true of the self-respecting average. But I should like to hear what you think about it.

FLASHY CLOTHES HER HUSBAND-HUNTING COSTUME.

Dear Madam: The young business women of to-day who dress in the ludicrous manner you so aptly describe do so because they want to bait men, and flashy, suggestive clothes are their trap cards.

I don't believe there can be any question in any intelligent girl's mind—and to a girl who is earning her living we must concede some fair degree of intelligence—as to the suitability of satins, chiffons, &c., for a business garb. But she knows how alluring to the heart of Adam are transparent crepes and peek-a-boo hostery, and she dons them, even as the warrior of old arrayed himself in corset of steel when he went forth in battle array. For we must remember that Broadway is her field of combat, where she must win or be shelved. She cannot enter the lists in the evening, as may her more fortunate sisters, and openly display her charms under soft lights, amid the strains of seductive music.

For the men she meets in the evening are not the ones she wants, so she is forced to hunt about in the glare of the glare of noonday.

Is she to be pitied or censured, may you, in this age when she is expected to be a business woman, a woman who is earning her living we must concede some fair degree of intelligence—as to the suitability of satins, chiffons, &c., for a business garb. But she knows how alluring to the heart of Adam are transparent crepes and peek-a-boo hostery, and she dons them, even as the warrior of old arrayed himself in corset of steel when he went forth in battle array. For we must remember that Broadway is her field of combat, where she must win or be shelved. She cannot enter the lists in the evening, as may her more fortunate sisters, and openly display her charms under soft lights, amid the strains of seductive music.

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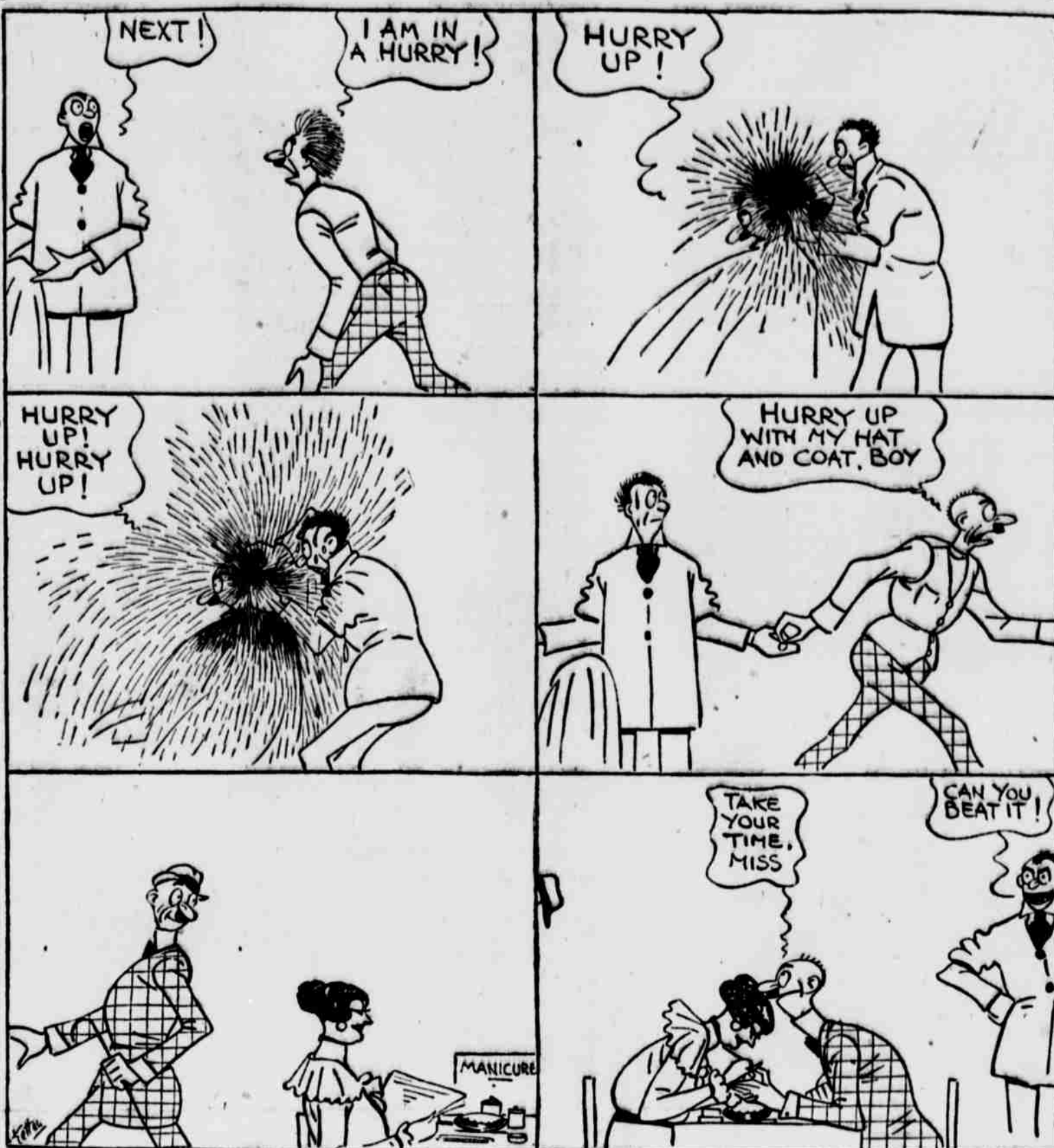
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Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



The Evening World's Beauty and Health Column

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

Through This Column Miss Furlong Will Reply to Women Readers' Questions Regarding Exercise, Diet and Other Means of Preserving Good Health and Good Looks.

Choosing Exercise.

IN practicing physical exercises the object should be to develop endurance and organic vigor as well as muscular strength and beauty of figure.

All exercises should be selected with intelligence, because they really bring about marvelous and unexpected results when persisted in. Most free hand exercises, which are indulged in in the home, develop muscular strength, while outdoor exercises and games, such as tennis, swimming, running, &c., cultivate and develop lung power and respiratory and circulatory improvement.

The aim of every person should be to evenly divide and select the exercises with the above-mentioned results in mind, and thereby obtain an all-around development of the body, both externally and internally.

Remember that the more tissues and muscles which are brought into play during the practice of the exercises, the greater the action of the heart, which in turn makes better blood circulation.

Women who have weak lungs or heart troubles and those who are in delicate condition should not follow the lessons which are given each day for the strong and robust ones, but should aim to strengthen and invigorate these important organs through the light stretching and deep breathing exercises, which require the use of but few muscles at a time. Cultivating organic vigor, which means strengthening the stomach, brain, heart action, lungs and tissues, brings these organs in proper condition to meet the rigid demands of the entire system during our strenuous modern existence.

Letters From Readers

TO REDUCE BREAST AND FAT ON SHOULDERS—MRS. G. K. T. writes: "Please give some light exercise, with the wand, for reducing breast and fat on shoulders. I have been punching, but so cannot practice that exercise."

Stand with the feet about eighteen inches apart, chest and head up, and hold the wand at each end, firmly against the chest. Without bending

the body either above or below the waist line, swing the wand overhead and down until it rests against the upper part of your shoulder blade. The arms should be bent at the elbows and the upflung hands, palms facing outward, are on a direct level with the shoulder blades. The latter should not be followed in the slightest degree and the head must be erect. This position easily overcomes the most obstinate case of round shoulders and reduces the large breast. Continue this exercise by bringing the left hand sharply down to the left side, and as you do so the palm is turned backward and the wand is grasped with the tip of the fingers. Your right hand and the end of the wand which it holds are brought up over the head. The wand should now rest against the back at a point directly between the shoulder blades as the body is bent forward at the waist line.

Repeat the three movements ten times.

BACK NUMBERS—MRS. HARRY T. writes: "How can I get the back numbers of your health course, I want to gain weight."

We are all out of these, but a similar course will appear later. These will also be illustrated.

OBESITY DIET—MARGY H. asks: "Is it possible for me to get a list of obesity foods from your paper? I am 5 feet 3 and weigh 200. What should I eat?"

Obesity diet will be repeated soon. You should weigh about 120 pounds.

SORE NIPPLES—HARRIET R. asks: "What will cure sore nipples? I am reading your health and beauty articles each day with much pleasure."

Powdered borax, one tablespoon; water, six ounces. Mix and bathe often.

DANDRUFF—EDITH G. writes: "Please tell me how to get rid of dandruff? My head is simply caked with it a day or so after shampooing."

Dandruff is a foreign substance, and as it is unclean and not natural it should be removed. It is of two varieties, dry and oily, and if neglected will form a crust or scurf on the head that will completely close the pores, stop the circulation and cause total baldness. A little dandruff is entirely natural, but any more than this amount should be removed. Clean combs and brushes, and use the shampoo and a few minutes daily massage will keep dandruff from the scalp by stimulating the circulation. A stiff brush, with two eggs with two table-spoons of lime-water. Wet the hair with hot water from the bath sprays, and then rub the mixture into the scalp. It is quite clean. Wash out the eggs and lime-water and dry in the sun.

Wash dark hair, which is oily, in tar or sulphur soap, and blondes should use the sulphur soap. Then use the shampoo. Best up two eggs with two table-spoons of lime-water. Wet the hair with hot water from the bath sprays, and then rub the mixture into the scalp. It is quite clean. Wash out the eggs and lime-water and dry in the sun.

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SAM

Love Clashes With Pride in This Delightful Story of a Summer Girl's Flirtations

By E. J. Rath

(Copyright, 1916, by Frank A. Munsey Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

One of the business girls in a house party on the island in a crazy mood, but she did not hold down her job with one hand, while with the other she beckoned to a throng of golden lads. The trick cannot be done. The thoroughly competent business woman is not the thoroughly competent siren, for the same reason that the thoroughly competent lawyer is not the thoroughly competent doctor. Life is too short to perfect one's self in two trades.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSALIND not only wired to Mr. Davidson, but, as an afterthought, she sent a message to Hastings & Hatch. The answer to the latter came promptly the following afternoon.

It did not serve to restore her equanimity. It described William Klemm Kellogg minutely, as Rosalind had requested, and the description was a photographic likeness of the young man who had confessed to Polly that he was no such person.

"Nothing to do but wait for Mr. Davidson," said Rosalind.

One thing she wanted was her bracelet. For a few seconds she looked at her own hand, but she found nothing; he had made no effort to restore her property.

With an intent that was really subconscious, she roused one of the light skiffs in the direction of his island. There was also something mechanical rather than deliberate in the act of her landing there, making fast her boat, and sending the path that led to his shack. The sound of voices awakened her from a day-dream.

She halted and listened. One of the voices was unmistakably that of Sam. The other, subdued and indifferent in ground, facing each other. Between them lay a folded blanket. The boatman was shuffling a pack of cards.

"What I can't make out," Sam was saying, "is the luck of it—you walk right into my parlor, just as the fly went calling on the spider, and without an invitation at that. I'd been trying to think up a scheme to get you here, and by jingo you save me the trouble."

"Un—ah—just rowing about a bit, you know. Exercise and that sort of thing. Saw your hand, and came ashore to have a look."

"And you didn't know it was my handout, eh?"

"Don't say word, no! Awfully sorry I've intruded."

"Intruded! Man alive, you're as welcome as good news! Sit still; you positively mustn't be going yet. I insist. I hear you're something of a card player. That's why—Confound that pack! My fingers are like thumbs lately."

tered pack and resumed his shuffling. "You are about to make the acquaintance," he said, "of that certain branch of the great American sport known as freeze-out. You have ten chips; I have ten. Your chips are worth a thousand each; you'll have to take my word for it that mine are worth the same. The limit is anything you have in sight."

Morton yawned. "I'm not interested, you know."

"You will be," the boatman reassured him. "It's going to be highly interesting. Will you cut?"

"Rather, I think I'll say good day," and Morton made as if to rise.

Then Rosalind noticed that a pistol lay at the boatman's side, and that his hand sought it. Morton observed the movement too.

"I'll cut," he said.

The boatman dealt and picked up his hand. For a few seconds he looked at his own hand, but he found nothing; he had made no effort to restore her property.

With an intent that was really subconscious, she roused one of the light skiffs in the direction of his island. There was also something mechanical rather than deliberate in the act of her landing there, making fast her boat, and sending the path that led to his shack. The sound of voices awakened her from a day-dream.

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The boatman gathered up the scattered pack and resumed his shuffling. "You are about to make the acquaintance," he said, "of that certain branch of the great American sport known as freeze-out. You have ten chips; I have ten. Your chips are worth a thousand each; you'll have to take my word for it that mine are worth the same. The limit is anything you have in sight."

Morton yawned. "I'm not interested, you know."

With a shrug Morton began feeling in an inner pocket. Presently he drew forth a wallet. A moment's search within the folds of the leather resulted in the appearance of an oblong slip of paper. Glancing at it, Morton handed it to the boatman. The latter examined it closely, then looked up with a smile and said: "I—er—think you'll find it good."

"I'll take a chance," said Sam as he thrust the paper into the pocket of his shirt.

"You'll not be wanting me now, I take it?"

"School's out."

Although the affair was none of hers, Rosalind found herself angry. Yet something struck her oddly as the Englishman turned and walked away. She was quite sure that she heard him chuckle. The boatman must have heard the same thing, for he stared after Morton curiously.

She stepped from her concealment, and an instant later the boatman turned at the sound of her footsteps.

"Hello!" he said cordially. "You just missed the performance."

"My bracelet, please," was Rosalind's only remark.

"Why, I'd clean forgotten it, ma'am. He turned and entered the cabin, appearing a moment later with the golden circlet lying in his palm. Rosalind seized it with more joy than dignity.

"You're rather lucky to get it in a way," said the boatman. "I've just been taking a chance at freeze-out, and if I'd lost I guess it would have been up to me to fork over the bracelet as part payment."

"I saw what happened," she remarked.

"Oh, did you?"

"I saw you steal ten thousand dollars."

"I didn't steal it, ma'am," he said. "Foster's a perfect lay fair game. I didn't stick the cards; I didn't shove a cold deck at him."

"It was no better than stealing. It was stealing."

"Foster's a perfect lay fair game. I didn't stick the cards; I didn't shove a cold deck at him."

The boatman eyed her for several seconds. "He is staying at Mr. Witherbee's," she added.

"Of course, Rosalind knew that this was a slip; but somebody who called himself Kellogg was staying there, at any rate, and she saw no need of explaining to Sam."

"So Kellogg's here, is he?" he remarked. "I suppose he came back to have another try at the Englishman. That'll be hard luck for Kellogg, because I think his lordship is about cleaned."

"No gains for no such purpose," declared Rosalind, half wondering why she was hastening to the defense of an impostor. "Mr. Kellogg has reformed."

"Reformed? Was he? Hum! Well, he was one of us?"

Rosalind's cheeks flamed.

"He was a good-for-nothing little gambler," she explained.

"Oh!" said the boatman in a relieved tone. "He's turned over a new leaf, eh?"

"He's very much engrossed in his new work."

"What's he doing here, then?"

"His uncle sent for him."

Again the boatman appeared to reflect.

"What for?" he asked.

"To look after his island while he is away. Mr. Davidson has gone to Denver, and Mr. Kellogg is going to try to put an end to all these burglaries. So there's a warning for you."

He pondered the warning and wrinkled his forehead.

"Customs officers still hanging around?" he asked.

"We'll be starting in a few minutes. It never pays to stick around after the last hand's played."

Rosalind was tongue-tied with astonishment.

"Are you utterly mad?" asked Rosalind abruptly, finding her voice.

"It may be a little sudden, ma'am," he admitted, "but it seems a case for quick action. I'm sorry we won't even be able to stop at Witherbee's for your trunks."

She decided to try a reasonable tone.

"Don't you see—Sam?"

"That's the first time you've called me by name," he interrupted with a bow. "Thanks, partner."

"But don't you see there is no reason whatever for me to go?"

"As I was going to any when you interrupted me, ma'am, I'll make a break for the American shore, and as soon as we can get a license and a justice of the peace or minister, why?"

"Married!"

"Why, certainly! This isn't an offer, ma'am; it's just a plain announcement of what's going to happen."

"Do you suppose for one instant," said Rosalind, trying to hide the real terror in her voice, "that I am going to marry you?"

"I'm sure of it," he said confidently. "Not much time to lose. No telling but that Englishman'll be stirring up some sort of trouble for us."

Worth triumphed at last despite Rosalind's efforts to be self-contained.

"You common thief!" she cried, stamping her foot and glaring. "How dare you insult me so? You burglar! You blackmailer! You—"

"Sly and amiable," he supplied. "May as well get the whole lot out of your system, ma'am."